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EDITED BY GAMALIEL BAILEY, M. D.—PUBLISHED FOR THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH, BY J. J. HARROD, BOOKSELLER, BALTIMORE.

BIOGRAPHER.

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN BAGNALL,
Of Hill-Top, in the West-Bromwich Circuit,
(Concluded.)

A good Christian is always a good member of civil society; never a useless one. His example has a salutary, though perhaps silent, influence on those around him. He is a reproof to the ungodly, a monument of the power of religion, and an obvious refutation of the vain reasonings of the sceptic, the profane, and the merely nominal Christian.

Mr. Bagnall's temperament of mind was retiring and unobtrusive, yet in him every good and laudable work found support. He embraced the world in his regards, he loved all men for Christ's sake, he prayed and laboured for the spread of true religion, and participated in the joy of angels when sinners were converted. "How oft," says Mr. H. B. "have I seen him weep with joy on being informed of instances of the prodigal's returning to his heavenly Father, the backslider reclaimed, and the faithful servant of God removed, full of hope and confidence, to his eternal reward!"

He was a loyal subject, loving his King and country, the government and constitution. He respected the established church, and ever honoured her ministers, when their lives and doctrines accorded with her public formularies. Though decided in his attachment to the Wesleyan Methodists, yet he loved good men of all denominations, and contributed to the various benevolent and religious institutions carried on by them.

"Of his veneration," says the individual before quoted, "for the character of Mr. Wesley, his deep, unshaken attachment to his doctrines and people, and of his affectionate regards for many of the Wesleyan Ministers, I cannot speak in sufficiently strong terms. I can only say, his love for them will bind my regards to them as long as I live. I honour and revere them for their own value and importance, as well as for having been the objects of my dear father's peculiar attachment."

About the beginning of May, 1827, our departed friend was seized with a complaint which it was feared would soon terminate his life; and though he became so far convalescent as to be able to attend his class, and the other means of grace, yet from the effects of this he never fully recovered. This affliction he looked upon as the signal of his approaching departure, and judiciously withdrew from business. Committing the management of his temporal affairs entirely into the hands of his sons, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the concerns of his soul, and a preparation for eternity.

He frequently expressed the benefit he had received from a discourse, on Gen. xix. 1, which he heard delivered the first Sabbath evening of that year. His whole soul seemed athirst for entire sanctification, and he read with renewed and peculiar interest Mr. Fletcher's incomparable work on that subject. His progress in vital piety appeared to be rapid, and he was evidently ripening apace for heaven. Such the writer of these lines had reason to believe was the case, during his intercourse with him at this period.

Towards the latter end of 1829, his strength gradually declined, so that he was scarcely able to take the least exercise. But, as the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed day by day, and he expressed himself as enjoying a greater measure of the peace that passeth understanding than he ever did at any former time.

His last affliction was short; and for the account of the scene that closed the earthly pilgrimage of our departed friend, we are indebted again to his son.

"You know," says he, addressing the writer of these lines, "how he had gradually laid aside the concerns of

the world, how he was weaned from its possessions, and with what calmness he anticipated and prepared for his departure from them. My father's christian joy never amounted to ecstasy, or high exultation: whether this be usually the case with those whose minds have dwelt most on the solemn realities connected with our state, and on the infinite perfections of the Almighty as he hath in mercy revealed them to us, or whether it was from natural constitution, I presume not to determine; yet his peace flowed as a river,—deep, tranquil, undisturbed.

"I saw him on Wednesday night previous to his death. He said, from the difficulty of breathing that he had experienced the last night, he did not think he should survive another. When my own feelings would permit me, I said, 'God has brought you through many trials and difficulties, and will not forsake you now that you most need his support.' 'O yes!' he replied, 'God is my trust: I know in whom I have believed: I have no fear, my trust is in the mercy of God in Jesus Christ; in the blood of his atonement: he is my foundation.' I said, 'There can be none more secure.' 'No; I have been endeavouring to build on that, and on no other, for forty-seven years: for that period I have been a professor of religion, but with how many infirmities! I place no dependence on my profession of religion, on any thing that is in myself. My trust is in the Lord Jesus Christ: I leave all I am, all my infirmities, as well as my righteousness, and come to him as a poor, unworthy creature, as meriting nothing at his hands, and pleading only his mercy. At another time, during a similar conversation, he repeated,

"On this my steadfast soul relies,"—

and so on to the end of the hymn. There was a firmness of mind, and emphasis of manner, during the whole of this affliction, greater than he had usually manifested.

"On Thursday and Friday he heard the Scriptures read, and made remarks on many passages, as they occurred in reading.

"On Saturday he became much worse: in the morning he sent for my eldest brother, and having delivered to him his will, and given some directions relative to his funeral, he said, 'You are going out; I shall probably never see you again,' then taking his hand, he looked up and said, 'God bless you! Farewell!' He then addressed my brother William at some length on the necessity of religion.

"On Sunday night he considerably revived, and observed, 'How much better I am! it is astonishing what a difference I find in my feelings.' He then spoke of the blessedness of having God for our portion and trust: 'What would all the riches and possessions of the world do for me now! But they that trust in the Lord shall never be ashamed: if we are born of God, born again, what have we to fear? I know I am. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' He again spoke of his profession of religion, which, he said, he had always been enabled to maintain, though with many imperfections in his practice, and not without frequent applications to the blood of sprinkling. He then added, 'Before my affliction (three years ago) I was not so prepared to die as I am now. I had not attained to that measure of divine grace which I have since. It led me to deep self-examination and earnest prayer to God, that he would fully reveal to me his salvation,—all the riches of his grace. O why should we not seek a full salvation! salvation from all sin. He who has given his Son to us will withhold nothing else. Is he not willing, is he not able, to do abundantly above all we can ask or think?' His whole frame of mind was prayer, ejaculatory prayer. Sometimes he repeated portions of hymns. When under considerable difficulty of breathing, he said, 'In quietness and rest shall be your strength: this is passing

through the valley and shadow of death, but it will soon be over:

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

At other times he said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!' and on Monday evening, November 16, 1829, he changed mortality for life, aged seventy-one years."

CORRECTOR.

For the Methodist Protestant.

ANY THING TO HELP A SINKING CAUSE.

Mr. Editor,—A certain one advises his son, "to make money honestly if he can; if not, to make money."—It would be matter of rejoicing and praise, if a sentiment so unworthy as this were confined to unprincipled men. But alas! it seems to have interwoven itself with the feelings, and entered into the calculations of some, who claim the character of being ambassadors of Christ. So wedded are they to the fellowship to which they stand connected, that they advise their followers, and act out the advice themselves, "to get persons to join the Methodist Episcopal Church honestly if you can; if not, get them to join." This sentiment is placed in bold relief in the columns of the *Christian Advocate*, &c. of the Methodist Episcopal Church, No. 7, of the present volume. It is headed "WESLEYAN METHODISM." We have long been of opinion that that church is on the wane; and we speak knowingly when we say, that many of her warmest adherents are of the same way of thinking with ourselves in this particular. Men of sound judgment and deep penetration, and whose means of observation render them competent judges of the state of that church, are well persuaded that at this very moment it possesses within itself the seeds of its own dissolution, and is approximating to this issue. Notwithstanding the boasted accession of members to her communion, it becomes imperiously necessary that some decisive step should be taken,—some effectual means adopted to engage and satisfy the wavering minds of many of her members, and to enlist as much foreign help as can be conveniently secured.

Some of the latent causes tending to the overthrow and destruction of this system, but which by the ingenuity of her preachers have been in a great measure kept concealed from public view, begin now to show themselves. While with disgust and mortification many have abandoned the concern, others who had all along fondly hoped, that some remedy would be applied to prevent a disastrous issue, are now fully convinced, that the pillars of the connexion are yielding to the pressure of adverse circumstances, that the bonds of their union are dissolving, and that it is high time to look round for the means of self preservation. What wonder, that under circumstances so every way appalling, the authorities of said church should make a desperate effort for a desperate and sinking cause? Despairing of perpetuating a government, at variance with the political maxims of the charter of American rights, among those who have been nursed in the cradle, and nurtured under the fostering hand, of religious and civil freedom,—they turn their attention and make their appeal to those, who have ever been accustomed to submit to the dictates of men, unwarrantably claiming the right to controul them in matters of civil and ecclesiastical government. They issue a circular, addressing persons "who may emigrate to this country," indirectly requesting them to rally round the banner of "Methodist Episcopacy," and aid in endeavoring to exterminate "Mutual Rights" from every Methodist community. They assign certain reasons, which to themselves no doubt appeared very powerful and pungent. It is our misfortune, however, to differ

with them, and that very materially. We shall lay before your readers the grounds upon which we differ.—It may, however, be in place to remind the editor of the Episcopal Methodist paper and his co-adjutors, that they have lost sight of one fact, which should by all means have had a very considerable influence upon their minds, to wit: that most generally those who emigrate to this country, are men of *intelligence*; who have fled from intolerance and bigotry, to enjoy the sweets of religious as well as civil freedom;—men, who will most likely examine, decide and determine for themselves what is and is not “Wesleyan Methodism.” If they be, as we suppose, men of intelligence, and lovers of freedom, we hazard nothing in saying, that they will think it a sorry compliment paid to their understanding, to be told very gravely, “that the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church are the only genuine followers of Mr. Wesley in this country.”

We agree with the gentlemen in some part of their statement, and it gives us pleasure to acknowledge it,—for instance, they say, “By Wesleyan Methodism is understood that system of Methodism established by the late Rev. John Wesley.” There is no difference of opinion. The definition given of “Wesleyan Methodism” is the generally-received understanding of the term. But we do not believe, nor can they themselves believe, that “the Methodist Episcopal Church continues to follow the discipline of Wesleyan Methodism,” according to the definition they themselves have given.—True, they say so; but we apprehend that this, with several other statements found in the article, has not been sufficiently a matter of thought. It is not surprising that men, acting under the influence of prejudice and the feelings of sectarianism, should be so hurried forward with a degree of impetuosity and violence, that they do not take time sufficient to consider what they say or do; and hence are forever betraying and injuring their own cause. At such times, they are objects of pity, and we should make all reasonable allowances for their apparent want of consistency. Still we must use every prudent means to set them right—and if even we should fail to convince them of the error of their ways, we may nevertheless prevent others from going astray, through their fallacious statements. We see no impropriety—we attach no fault to them, in striving to advance the interests of their community, provided they act honourably and fairly. We are not only as much disposed as they, but we think even more disposed, to let “our readers know who are of us, and who are not of us;” for, if they would only open the columns of their periodical for a fair discussion of the question of church government, we doubt not they would soon discover that many of their communion, who at present are “not of us,” would soon become “of us.” We do not, however, ask this favour—but we do most religiously believe that they should correct any and every mistake into which they have fallen ignorantly or otherwise.

We are somewhat astonished that men, believing themselves to be right, should betray such an amount of fear in reference to their own success, as these men most certainly have done. But as we design making this communication as brief as possible, we shall present to the view of all whom it may concern, the several parts of their statement which we believe erroneous.

1st. They state, “*The Methodist Episcopal Church continues to follow the doctrine and discipline of Wesleyan Methodism, as strictly as their brethren do in England.*” We ask if this statement be not contradicted by plain matter of fact? Have the Wesleyan Methodists any Bishops or Presiding Elders among them? No. The editor of the Episcopal paper should have known also, that some of the travelling ministers in the English connexion have long endeavoured to introduce into their government these peculiar features, but have failed, because it would be a departure from the “discipline of Wesleyan Methodism” as established by the founder of the societies. The English preachers are not to be hood-winked into it at any rate for awhile, though we learn that the Rev. Richard Reese evidently would be one of a few to introduce this order of ministers among the Wesleyan Methodists.

2nd. They state, that “the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized and established in all its distinctive features—except simply that the name bishop has been substituted for superintendent—according to the advice of Mr. Wesley.” Now if by this statement be meant, that “Mr. Wesley aided and advised” in the establishment of the Methodist Societies in this country—then we have naught to say. But if they mean, that Mr. Wesley “aided and advised” in the establishment of an Episcopacy among them, then are we at issue. It is very evident that this part of their statement is framed with considerable caution and with no little ambiguity—the word “except” is introduced in a way susceptible of different modifications, and we should be at a loss to de-

termine their real meaning, had they not explained it in another part of their communication, where they declare most positively, that “Mr. Wesley recommended the institution of *three orders in the ministry.*” This they have reiterated from time to time, and in the face of testimony which ought to be respected. We demand once more the *proof* in confirmation of this statement. Let them produce a scrap of writing from the pen of Mr. Wesley going to “recommend three orders in the ministry—or show when he “advised the name Bishop to be substituted for Superintendent.” We hesitate not to say, that they have misrepresented this man of God; and they stand convicted before the public of a manifest departure from his advice. There is no way of avoiding one of two conclusions; either Mr. Wesley has acted most inconsistently, or he has been misrepresented. In his letter, as oft quoted, to Mr. Asbury, he says, “*men may call me a KNAVE, a FOOL, a RASCAL, a SCOUNDREL, and I am content; but they NEVER shall by MY CONSENT call me a BISHOP. For my sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, put a FULL end to this.*” Does this look like Mr. Wesley “advising” Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury to take upon themselves the name or office of a Bishop? Yet, these men openly declare, that “the name bishop has been substituted for superintendent—according to the advice of Mr. Wesley.” Truly in their zeal they have given us to understand, that they are not disposed to stop at half way measures. This is in strict accordance with the sentiment contained in the minutes of their conference for 1785. They there say, “*they followed the COUNSEL of Mr. Wesley who RECOMMENDED the EPISCOPAL mode of church government.*” Is this true? Where is this *counsel* to be found? Let any unprejudiced man examine the Rev. A. McCaine’s “History and Mystery of Methodist Episcopacy,” &c. and also his “Defence of the Truth,” and if he be not impervious to the claims of truth, he must think otherwise than these gentlemen have stated. One word more on this point. In their zeal they have given us to understand, that they “only are the genuine followers of Mr. Wesley,” not only in this country, but throughout the world,—for if Mr. Wesley did counsel and recommend the Episcopal mode of church government, and “aid in establishing three orders in the ministry,” then neither the “Wesleyan Methodists” nor ourselves are followers of Mr. Wesley. Thus it is at last found out that the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church are the ONLY genuine Wesleyans!

There is a piece of history connected with the Methodist Bishopric in this country, which ought not to be lost sight of. It is found in Mr. Henry Moore’s life, a work published under the sanction of the British Methodist connexion. Mr. Moore observes, “Dr. Coke had been sent to America. On his return he with much earnestness requested me to consent to go thither, and undertake that vast missionary work, as the third superintendent; assuring me that Mr. Asbury also very much wished it, as he was not willing, for many weighty reasons, that any of his American fellow labourers should be appointed to that office.” Thus it appears, that seven or ten Englishmen established the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, and then the chief man “was not willing, for many weighty reasons,” that an American preacher should be exalted to this eminence; hence foreign help was sought. We are aware that Mr. Watson endeavours to destroy or cripple the testimony of Mr. Moore, in reference to Mr. Wesley’s letter to Mr. Asbury—and his “American fellow labourers” have aided in this work—but there is one fact connected with the history of Mr. Watson that will always make us cautious in receiving his testimony in these matters:—He was among the first preachers in England to secede from the Methodist connexion, and laboured with Mr. Kilham several years—after which he was bought over by the old connexion, and then, like every other deserter he was compelled to do some desperate act to convince his fellows he was sincere in his apostasy.

3rd. They state, “that the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church are the only genuine followers of Mr. Wesley in this country,” as others—(Methodist Protestants—Primitive Methodists—the Methodist Society, &c.)—some of them in a formal manner, and some in practice—have protested against the institutions established under Mr. Wesley’s direction, and according to his counsel.” This word “genuine” is quite a favorite term with our old-side friends:—“genuine official hymn book”—“genuine official discipline”—and now “GENUINE FOLLOWERS of Mr. Wesley!” We have no objection to the term, particularly as it pleases them so much,—and we think they do well to use it, as it seems to answer a very good purpose among the members of their church. But if, by “the institutions established under Mr. Wesley’s direction and according to his counsel” be meant, an itinerant and unstationed ministry—love feasts—class meetings, &c. &c.—then we say they knew we never

“protested against them;” but on the contrary, all these distinctive peculiarities of Methodism are preserved and perpetuated among us. If they mean any thing else, we should like them to explain.

4th. They say, that “we were expelled on account of the inflammatory manner, by which our proceedings in relation to church government were characterized.”—We deny most positively the charge and appeal to our writings in proof of what we say. The fact is, the most bitter writings ever published in our periodical, were written by those who have been kept within the pales of their communion, while the innocent and unoffending were marked out as the victims of special vengeance.

5th. They state, “That the Methodist Protestants have protested against the Methodist Episcopal Church, principally because the General Conference did not consider it expedient to admit of a lay representation into its councils.” They protested, it is true, against the decision of the conference in reference to this great principle; but it is not correct to say that they *principally*,—that is, made this the pith of their protest. It would have been in accordance with truth if they had said—The Protestant Methodists entered their solemn protest against the Rev. James M. Hanson and others, expelling them unrighteously from the communion of the church; against the Rev. Joseph Fry, contrary to all rules of propriety, dissolving the district conference by the vote of coloured preachers—against the General Conference ratifying said decisions—and against said body, passing resolutions which in effect went to degrade the suspended and expelled members—and finally depriving them of the only proper means of redress—the freedom of speech and of the press.

6th. They state, “that Mr. Wesley most evidently sanctioned the proceedings of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the establishment of three orders of ministers, to the exclusion of a lay representation in the conferences.”

The first clause of this statement, Mr. Wesley’s writings most positively contradicts—the last is far-fetched and out of place. We are not aware that the Methodist Societies in England ever claimed this right during Mr. Wesley’s life, and consequently he never expressed himself for or against it—at least we think the gentlemen will find some difficulty to find any thing from the pen of Mr. Wesley to bear them out in the statement.

In relation to “the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church being the only GENUINE FOLLOWERS of Mr. Wesley in this country,” we have only to say, that one principle by which the new sect is guided, is, in “calling no man master”—of “knowing no man after the flesh.” They entertain as high respect, and feel disposed to pay as much deference, to Wesley’s judgment, as those who are loud and long in their professions. At the same time we are endeavouring to be of the number of those, who “worship God in the spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus the Lord, having no confidence in the flesh,”—remembering, that “whether it be Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas,” or Wesley, they are only “ministers of Christ,” and are only to be viewed as men;—while to Christ only do they owe unqualified homage and praise.

In conclusion we would remark, that we have been forced contrary to our wishes, to make the above observations—and we are grieved to find our opponents subjecting themselves to a sharp rebuke, for wantonly attacking, and misrepresenting our church—as well as for derogating from the well earned reputation of Mr. Wesley, in ascribing to him inconsistencies and contradictions for which he does not in his writings give sufficient grounds. And now we add partly in their own language “we have not made these remarks with a view to provoke a controversy,” with those from whom we have seceded; but that our readers may know who are “of us” and who are “not of us,” and, “were we possessed of authentic documents,” (to warrant our belief in their accuracy,) “we would give the number of members” of the Methodist E. community—“but we have never seen a statistical account,” which either we or ourselves would be willing under certain circumstances to say we believe to be strictly correct. We hope that those, “who emigrate to this country” and all others concerned in these matters, will mark the spirit and writings of our opponents—and examine well the government of both churches. The latter will be found the cause why “the Methodist Episcopal Church does not acknowledge us”—the former why we did not “wish to be considered as a part of her communion.” In a word, let all examine carefully the grounds of the present controversy; and they will doubtless be led into

PLAIN TRUTH.

We are by nature in the dark grave of depravity, and we can no more raise and bring ourselves out of it, than a carcase, which is lain in a grave, can throw off the clods that cover it, or unlock the door of the vault it is in.

MEDITATOR.

For the Methodist Protestant.

AUTUMN.

Mr. Editor,—If there be one season peculiarly adapted to the calm contemplation of our past life and future prospects, it is the season of autumn! The sun, shorn of his strength, pours a milder and mellower beam over the face of nature, and the faded leaf as it flutters in the breeze, imperceptibly loosens its hold upon its parent stem and sinks gently to rest, amid the once beautiful but now withered flowers, which seem sleeping upon the bosom of their mother earth. Every object invites to reflection, and makes up in the mind that softened and pleasing sadness which to the refined soul gives more chaste and exquisite pleasure than the gayest scene. In fancy's ear the feathered songsters, whose shrill and merry note ushered in the opening spring, have changed those notes for tones more plaintive and melancholy; and the low moanings of the wind, as it sweeps fitfully over the dying herbage, seems like the far-off music of some funeral dirge.

Who, while he looks upon this touching scene, thinks not of his own faded and withered hopes? Who thinks not of the many gay and happy faces that in his spring of life gathered around him in joyousness of spirit, and as memory calls up each speaking eye and bounding form, sighs to think that they, like the fallen leaves and withered flowers, are sleeping the sleep of death upon the cold and silent sod.

"O earth! reservoir of life, over whose deep bosom brood the wings of the universal spirit, shaking upon thee a blessing and a power,—a blessing and a power to produce and re-produce the living from the dead, so that our flesh is woven from the same atoms which were once the atoms of our sires; and the inexhaustible nutriment of existence is decay! O, eldest and most solemn earth, blending even thy loveliness and joy with a terror and an awe! Thy sunshine is girt with clouds, and circled with storm and tempest: thy day cometh from the womb of darkness, and returneth unto darkness as man returns unto thy bosom. The green earth that laughs in the valley; the water that sings merrily along the wood; the many winged and all searching air, which garners life as a harvest, and scatters it as a seed; all—all are pregnant with corruption, and carry the cradled death within them as the oak banqueteth the destroying worm. But who that looks upon thee, and loves thee, and inhales thy blessings, will ever mingle too deep a moral with his joy? Let us not ask whence come the garlands that we wreath around our altars, or strew upon our feast:—will they not bloom as brightly, and breathe with as rich a fragrance, whether they be plucked from the garden or the grave? O earth, my mother earth! dark sepulchre that closes upon all which the flesh bears—but vestibule of the vast regions to which the soul shall pass, how leaps the heart when first it fathoms thy mysteries!"

When saddened by the contemplation of withering and decaying nature; when that sadness has been deepened by a contemplation of our existence, which is marked with many a dreary blank, once filled with the forms of youth and beauty; when from memory's unlocked stores, pour fourth the thousand daring schemes and vivid hopes of gone-by days, all riven and buried by times relentless sway,—at such a moment, how glorious the light which Christianity sheds upon the soul! Under its benignant ray, and by the light which faith pours upon our path, we see through the clouds and storms of winter the sure approach of spring—and again behold the spreading leaf and budding flower, filling their accustomed place, while far and near resound the thrilling lays of every awakened warbler. Nor is this all—the volume of divine inspiration has taught us, that the same merciful and munificent hand that awakes to renewed life and beauty, the withered herb and decayed flowret, shall also awake the sleeping dust of our departed friends, and recall them to enjoyment in other and brighter regions!—Sustained by these glorious hopes, we look upon this, otherwise melancholy picture of the dying year and of severed friendships, as a new manifestation of the power and goodness of our heavenly Father; who, from their temporary death, brings them forth to a new and more perfect existence. Thrice blessed hope! which elates the soul above this sublunary state, and gives it a foretaste of that bliss which it shall share more fully, when this poor, frail, mortal body shall be clothed upon with immortality, when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, and we shall be received into those mansions not made with hands eternal in the heavens!

R.

Our hearts, by the fall, are, in one respect, like the loadstone; we refuse gold, silver, and pearls, and only attract inferior earthly things, like steel and iron.

BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

MOSAIC ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION.

Many arguments may be drawn from the deductions of reason and the history of the world, to prove that the important truths contained in the Bible, are a revelation from heaven, given by the immediate inspiration of God. It is highly important, that the sincere inquirer after truth should settle this matter satisfactorily to himself; for if the Bible be not true, our faith is vain, and we are at once upon the wide ocean of doubt and uncertainty, without a compass to guide to that haven of rest for which the immortal soul so ardently pants.

The point, which seems naturally to demand our first attention in proof of the divine authenticity of the Scriptures, is the Mosaic account of the Creation. It must be admitted on all hands, by Jew and Gentile—by Christian and Infidel, that none but the Creator of all things could have a knowledge of the creation, and of the circumstances attending it; and consequently, if mankind have any correct information upon the subject, it must have been originally revealed by the Creator himself.

Whether the account given by Moses was in all its particulars revealed by immediate inspiration, to that eminent servant of God, or whether, he derived the most prominent facts through the channel of tradition, is a question of some doubt, and in regard to which good men may differ, and we presume, innocently speculate. The most probable opinion we think is, that the facts in relation to the existence of God, his character, and the creation of the world and all things therein, were originally revealed to Adam in the garden, and that they descended either by a written or an oral tradition to Moses; who, in writing his history of the creation, was under divine inspiration, and wrote the truth unmixed with any errors which may have previously crept into the account in consequence of its being handed down from Adam to that period.

Various objections have been urged by sceptics against the Mosaic account of the creation; and with the view of destroying its validity, several particulars in the narrative have been represented as unreasonable, and not entitled to credit. As we are not furnished by these objectors with the standard by which to test the truth or falsehood of the Mosaic account, we feel authorized to contrast the deductions of human reason, in regard to the creation, as set forth by some of the most eminent philosophers, and unenlightened nations, with the Mosaic narrative; and we hazard nothing to say, that it is only necessary to make the comparison to satisfy every well regulated mind of the great superiority of the latter over the former upon the principles of common sense.

The Egyptians, though a nation of learning and of science, "held that the world was made by chance, and that mankind grew out of the earth like pumpkins." The scheme of the Phenecians in regard to created intelligences is no less ridiculous. They make "a dark and windy air, the principle of the universe, and all intelligent creatures to be formed alike in the shape of an egg, and both male and female awakened into life by a clap of thunder." Anaximander tells us, "that the first men and all animals were bred in a warm moisture, enclosed in crustaceous skins like crab-fish and lobsters; and that when they arrived at a proper age, their shelly prisons growing dry, broke and made way for their liberty. Empedocles says, "that mother earth, at first, brought forth vast numbers of legs, and arms, and heads, &c. which approaching each other, arranging themselves properly, and being cemented together, started up at once full grown men."

The Mahometans, giving greater latitude to their fancy, say, "that the first things which were created, were the Throne of God, Adam, Paradise, and a great pen, wherewith God wrote his decrees: that this throne was carried about upon angels' necks, whose heads were so big, that birds could not fly in a thousand years from one ear to the other: that the heavens were propped up by the mountain Koff; that the stars were fire brands thrown against the devils when they invaded heaven; and that the earth stands upon the top of great cow's horn; that this cow stands upon a white stone—this stone upon a mountain," and this mountain upon—no person knows what, not even the Cosmogonist himself.

If these be the sage suggestions of human reason, the sceptics' God—the disciple of Christ, need not be ashamed to believe, that "the worlds were framed by the word of God"—who said "let there be light and there was light;" in short, that the Mosaic account of the creation is so much more reasonable than the fanciful schemes which men's wisdom has originated, that it is entitled to the most implicit faith; that it had its origin in a higher source; that it is a revelation from heaven.

The institution of sacrifices is considered by some eminent men as a strong argument in favour of the divine origin of the Scriptures. Without entering into the arguments which have been urged in support of this opinion, suffice it say, that we cannot imagine how it could have entered into the mind of man, or by what mode of reasoning a conclusion could have been arrived at, that the offering of rams, bullocks, &c. could atone for the sins of men; as there is certainly nothing in the works of nature which could possibly have suggested such a thought. But when we view sacrifices, in what appears to be their scriptural import—as typical of the atonement to be made on the Cross by Jesus Christ—all doubts and difficulties are removed,—we perceive at once that God alone must be the author of the institution, as He alone could be acquainted with the means by which man was to be redeemed.

These views appear to afford strong grounds to believe that the "Scriptures are given by the inspiration of God;"—but there is another fact in support of this doctrine, which appears to us still stronger—and is indeed irresistibly conclusive. We mean the fulfilment of prophecy.

TESTIMONY OF PROPHECY.

When we examine with care, certain events with the predictions of the prophets, the mind is struck with surprise at the entire correspondence between the prophecy and the history, and compelled to admit that nothing but a divine impulse could have enabled the prophets to see the future with so much certainty.

The first circumstance we would refer to in the investigation of this subject, is the prophecy of Noah in regard to his descendants, and their history respectively; from which it will be seen that the events predicted by this eminent ante-deluvian, have in many instances been most wonderfully and circumstantially accomplished, and more particularly in regard to Canaan, the son of Ham—and Noah said "cursed be Canaan—a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren;" and he said, "blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant—and God shall enlarge Japheth, and Canaan shall be his servant." The past and present degraded condition of the descendants of Canaan in a moral and political point of view, together with the fact of their being scattered over the world as domestic slaves to the descendants of Shem and Japheth, are living monuments of the fulfilment of this prophecy.

The prophecy of Jacob concerning his son Judah, with its fulfilment, is another instance well calculated to strengthen the faith of the pious, and to satisfy the humble inquirer, that the Bible is indeed the word of God. In the 49th chapter of Genesis, this distinguished patriarch declares, that "the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering of the people be. It was the opinion of the Jews, that Shiloh here mentioned was the Messiah spoken of in other places, and although they did not receive Jesus Christ as the Messiah, yet no doubt can exist of his being the person spoken of, because in every particular he answered the character given of him by the prophets, and amidst the political revolutions of Judah, the sceptre did not entirely depart from them until after the resurrection and ascension of Jesus Christ.

When carried into bondage by the Babylonians, they were allowed to live as a distinct people, under rulers and governors of their own—the only nation we presume which was ever thus favoured whilst in bondage. And after their return from this captivity, by the orders of Cyrus they remained a distinct people, governed by their own laws even while a Roman province, until the capture of Jerusalem by Titus; since which time, they have been wanderers in every land without any head or political power—affording to the world another living—striking instance of the fulfilment of prophecy in regard to the Jews—wherein it was said that they should "become an astonishment, a proverb, and a byword among all nations"—that God would "cast them away, because they did not hearken unto him;" and that they should "be wanderers among the nations."

The destruction of Jerusalem, and the calamities attending it, were predicted by Moses, and by Jesus Christ. The former in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy says, "the Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, as swift as the eagle fleeth—a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand: and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all the gates; and in like manner the woman's eye shall be evil toward her husband of her bosom, and towards her son, and toward her daughter, for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege." And in the 26th chapter Leviticus he further declares "ye shall eat of the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat." The latter in describing the signs which should

precede this event, says, "there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity, and men's hearts failing them for fear."

These are the predictions, and if we examine some facts connected with the Roman and Jewish histories, we shall find abundant proof that the events here foretold were literally fulfilled at the destruction of Jerusalem in the year seventy. Josephus and Tacitus both bear testimony to the signs and wonders which preceded this event. The former remarks, "Thus also, before the Jew's rebellion, and before those commotions which preceded the war, when the people were come in great crowds to the feast of unleavened bread, so great a light shone round the altar and the holy house that it appeared to be bright day time; which light lasted for half an hour. This light seemed to be a good sign to the unskillful, but was so interpreted by the sacred scribes as to portend those events that followed immediately upon it. At the same festival also an heifer as she was led by the high Priest to be sacrificed, brought forth a lamb in the midst of the temple &c. Besides these a few days after that feast a certain prodigious and incredible phenomenon appeared—I suppose the account of it would seem to be a fable were it not related by those that saw it, and were not the events that followed it of so considerable a nature as to deserve such signals—for before sun sitting, chariots and troops of soldiers in their armour were seen running about among the clouds, and surrounding of cities," &c. the latter says, "omens and prodigies filled the minds of the people with apprehensions of impending mischief—in addition to the misfortunes usual in the course of human transactions, we shall see the earth teeming with prodigies, the sky overcast with omens, and a variety of prognostics, sometimes auspicious, often big with terror."

In sketching the terrible events which attended the siege and capture of Jerusalem, Josephus remarks, "women snatched food out of the mouths of their husbands, and mothers out of the mouths of their infants; and in every house if there appeared any semblance of food, a battle ensued, and the dearest friends and relations fought with one another, snatching away the miserable provisions of life; and that a woman killed and eat her sucking child, and after eating one half, covered up secretly the other for another time."

Thus it appears from profane history, that the prophecy of Moses relative to the calamities which should visit the Jewish people was literally fulfilled at the destruction of Jerusalem, and that the signs which Jesus Christ predicted would precede that catastrophe did actually appear to the no small "perplexity of the people, whose hearts failed them for fear." D.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

For the Methodist Protestant.

(NUMBER I.)

CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

We live in an age, in which little deference is paid to opinions merely on account of the names by which they may be supported, whether of the living or the dead.—Antiquity, venerable in the eyes of many heretofore, is now considered as useful so far only as it may instruct us by its errors, or warn us by its examples. The nations of the earth are evidently amending their political condition: it remains to be seen if they will be wise enough to amend their ecclesiastical condition likewise, and to learn from the past to guard against the future.—There is perhaps, nothing in life so invaluable as experience; but unfortunately, few men are wise enough to profit by the experience of others, and indeed, not always by their own. The remark applies more forcibly to collective bodies, and still more so to bodies of ministers; because it is more difficult to give up the intellectual power which they obtain and grasp as with an hand of iron, than any other acquisition of man. It has perpetuated a system, from which, notwithstanding the changes of empire and of opinion, the world is not yet delivered.

Amongst a thousand causes which may induce the corruption of Christianity, the strongest have ever been those which power and wealth have thrown upon it.—Hence, in this country, the universal dislike which prevails against any approach to an union between the church and the state. But in Great Britain, whence we have drawn much good and more evil, this union has long existed. The reformation from the errors of Popery in the time of Elizabeth, went as far as that arbitrary queen would permit it; but the ordination, the orders of ministers, the tythes were continued, and so have remained to the present day. But notwithstanding there was an established religion, England was filled

with numerous sects, the effect of a toleration admitted by the laws. In the last century appeared the Methodists. The founder of this sect, John Wesley, was, no doubt, a chosen instrument in the hands of the Almighty, to revive the almost forgotten doctrine of justification by faith; but many persons speak and write of him, as if he were perfect as Paul, or infallible as Inspiration. While I willingly accord to him the praise of self denial, of long and great labors, of extensive usefulness, I must also charge upon him great inconsistency, a mistake as to the extent of his own calling, a love of arbitrary power, and either ignorance or dislike of civil and religious liberty. In short the system which he commenced and which has been bequeathed, a legacy, to this free country, has made us see plainly enough, that better by far had it been, had the preaching of the Gospel in these colonies been left solely to the efforts of Strawbridge and a few other men who acted from the Divine call to themselves only, than by admitting Mr. Wesley's interference in any shape, to saddle upon our posterity, a system of Church Government like that which the old world is now shaking from its back.

It is no difficult matter, one would think, to estimate rightly the principles in dispute, when men feel their effects. So it is now. The Methodists, both in the United States and Great Britain, feel the system of the old Methodists, and are just as much opposed to it, as the people of Europe are to the arbitrary systems and principles of kings. Can any man living tell wherein any material difference lies between the two? The people demand a representative government: the kings refuse it. The Methodists in the United States and Great Britain demand the same: the preachers refuse it. The point at issue is the same; and I know nothing of the nature of liberty, though I drew it in with my first breath in this land of freedom, and I know nothing of mankind, though I have lived in this world more than half a century, if the consequences be not the same in both cases. There is a point beyond which human confidence ought never to be tried, and the lessons of the last thirty years ought to have taught ministers, that their glory and their interest consist in being helpers of the joy of God's people, not in being lords of his heritage.

Had Mr. Wesley declared himself a dissenter at the time he gave laymen authority to preach, the Methodist system might have been different. But he professed himself to be a minister of the established church to the last; while every day of his life was employed in raising up a people distinct from it altogether. He ruled them by his own rules; gave them his preachers; made collections of money amongst them; built churches for them; and finally, gathering together a numerous flock, handed it over to be shorn in perpetuity by whatever laws his preachers alone might dictate. Men may say what they will and write while the world stands, but I know of no man of consequence in the church, upon whom greater inconsistency can fairly be charged than upon Mr. Wesley.

Had he contented himself with giving this gracious legacy of unlimited clerical legislation to his own country, we in the United States should not have had so much reason to complain. But that did not bound his views. We no sooner became independent of the British crown, than he set to work to constitute himself lord over us also. We had just broke the iron yoke of British civil legislation, but we passed at the same moment under a priestly legislation sent to us from the same country! How strangely human events move! The tares and wheat are always sown together. Mr. Wesley's ordaining Francis Asbury and sending him to this country, was the commencement of a system of clerical government as fully absorbing within itself all power, as that of the papists. But what calling had he to act here? Once he was in Georgia, but left it without any fruit to his ministry. Elsewhere in this wide country, he exercised no ministry; he never even set his foot.—In endeavouring then to place himself at the head of the American Methodists, he mistook the extent of his calling, and Francis Asbury, in refusing to submit to his pretensions, used rightly his privileges as a Christian preacher, to whom, in a given place, a dispensation of the Gospel had been entrusted. The reason he appeared to have before him as authorizing this attempt to enter into other men's labors was, that "under God he was the founder of Methodism." But surely, he was no founder of Methodism in this country, and his attempt to extend his power over the earth, has scarcely a parallel except in the Popes alone.

I believe that man never yet existed, but had "the sin that doth most easily beset him." The love of power has ever marked the character of the clergy, and all history bears a dismal record of their general dislike to the best principles of civil liberty. In this respect, Mr.

Wesley's conduct and character were plainly marked. In our desperate struggle with the British crown for the principle which is now walking in the earth in the length and in the breadth thereof, he was uniformly opposed to our cause, and wrote a pamphlet against us. To say that he knew no better, is but a poor compliment to his capacity. But could John Wesley be ignorant of a principle so familiar to Englishmen? and so firmly settled in his own country? and for which so many illustrious men in parliament were so zealously contending in our behalf? This cannot be. We can account for his opposition to our cause upon no other ground, but his dislike to liberal principles. His conduct forces this conclusion upon us. He took away all part in legislative proceedings from the people who joined his classes and gave it to his preachers solely; men whom he made one day, and could unmake the next. He distrusted the people in the part which they might take in legislative proceedings, but could not see that the people had as much right to distrust the preachers. Of the one he required implicit faith; the other he admitted to practice suspicion and distrust. And all this has continued nearly a century. But are people yet ignorant; yet fit to be trodden under foot only? Not yet fit to be entrusted with the keeping of their own rights? And are the preachers to be lords of the heritage forever? To hand down by succession to others, this unlimited power of legislation? To constitute themselves legislators over half a million of souls in all spiritual concerns and a vast amount of temporal interest besides? To give up a power like this, is, I fear, more than the present generation of preachers are able to do. To hold it still, is to show to the age in which we live, that the clergy of any sect, be its pretensions to holiness ever so lofty, ought in future to be more closely watched by the Civil Power.

DISCIPLE.

POETRY.

For the Methodist Protestant.

RELIGIOUS PLEASURES.

Written for a Lady's Album.

Sweet is the sound of mercy's voice;
It soothes the soul that's riven;
And far above earth's fading joys,
Invites to streams of purest joys,
The spirit bound for heaven.

Sweet is the pledge of future rest,
To weary pilgrims given;
Of life and all its joys the zest,
The inward transport of the bless'd,
The antepast of heaven.

Sweet is the power of saving grace,
The soul renewing leaven;
It cheers the christian in his race,
Who onward moves, with quick'ning pace,
To gain his home in heaven.

Sweet is the triumph of the saint,
To life's last conflict driven;
Though heart and flesh should fail or faint,
We may attempt, but cannot paint,
His upward flight to heaven.

Sweet while eternity endures,
The prize for which he's striven;
The endless glory it ensures,
Ye faithful Christians, shall be yours,
Eternal life in heaven.

L. J. C.

THE DEATH-BED.

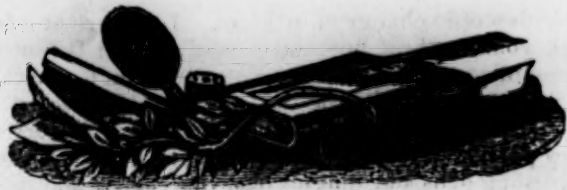
BY T. HOOD.

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro!

So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about!
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died!

From when the morn came dim and sad—
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.



BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1831.

CHRISTIANITY ADVANCES SCIENCE BY ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECT UPON THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF INDIVIDUALS AND NATIONS.

"The head is clear, whene'er the heart is cool.
The mod'rate movements of the soul admit
Distinct ideas, and matured debate,
An eye impartial and an even scale,
Whence judgment sound."

6. There is another light in which we may view the religion of the Bible, in reference to knowledge: it is essentially pacificatory in its nature, and contains within itself a principle strongly tending to induce tranquillity in the bosom of the individual, and in the circumstances of society. The pleasant burden of the song, sung by angels on the advent of the Redeemer, was "Peace upon earth and good will towards man." And as if to point out the nature and foreshow the glorious effects of Christianity, all nations reposed in tranquillity, and the long-opened temple of Janus was closed, when the star of Bethlehem arose on the world. Nor need we wonder that the temple of our religion is a temple of peace; the pillars of its strength are love to God and love to man:—that the votaries of Christianity are the votaries of peace; for "blessed are the peacemakers, they shall be called the children of God," but "he that hateth his brother is a murderer." Just in proportion as this blessed religion has its influence upon mankind, (and it ever will have an influence more or less on every soul who may hear its truths,) will peace external and internal prevail amongst men.

Besides, Christianity enforces the duty of self-control; of temperance in the indulgence of the passions.—Ancient philosophy, it is true, talked largely of the dignity of reason and the ignominy of submitting to the tyranny of passion. Some even went so far as to contend, that the absence of all passion was the highest glory of the gods; so that not the mere control, but the utter extinction, of feeling was the summit of human excellency and should be the object of all philosophy. This certainly arose from despair of self-control. They had learned by the experience of years how vain were their efforts to regulate properly the feelings. Now our religion enforces its injunctions on this point, with higher and more efficient motives, (as we have already hinted at,) than could ever have accompanied any system of human invention, howsoever excellent in its character. But its peculiar glory is, while it inculcates the inevitable duty of self-control, it puts within the man the power of obedience. Hence, it is unusual now-a-days to witness individuals yielding themselves up to those excesses of capricious and violent passion which have ever distinguished heathenism. Men are taught from their youth up, to look on flagrant manifestations of feeling as grossly indecorous and inexpedient, as well as criminal. They are urged by motives of an emphatic character, and an influence flowing directly or indirectly from the Bible, to govern their spirits and bridle their tongues. So that the superior refinement of modern times is in fact the effect of Christianity.

It has sometimes been remarked, that the long continued assumption of any external character tends to induce the very disposition or principles, which that character is designed to represent. Hence the dramatist, "Assume a virtue, if thou hast it not."

Now, the continual restraint put upon the passions through the influence of Christianity, and the consecutive refined and tranquil state of society, tend to induce a character of tranquillity within the man—a pacific, quiet state of the feelings.

The fruits of this individual refinement or civility, as it has been termed, and of the pacificatory nature of religion, are pleasingly exhibited in the political condition of men. When the people, as individuals, are distinguished for humanity and for their attachment to the arts of peace, the national councils will be pacific and urbane. They will take no pleasure in encroachments upon their neighbours, will be more politic and cautious in their doings, more forbearing in their decisions, and less disposed to find cause of offence. The individual, moral renovation, we have already spoken of, has also here its appropriate influence. Nations, in their intercourse with each other, are more careful now than formerly to conform their actions to the principles of justice and humanity: at least, where such conformity is wanting, they seldom neglect to attend to the forms of right dealing, showing by this deference to the public sense of right and wrong, that mankind are more deeply impressed with the sanctity of honest principles, than once they were.

From all these causes, we behold flowing more internal and external tranquillity among modern than ancient nations. The true glory of a community is now understood to be peace; the true honor of an individual, civility, or the combination of those qualities constituting peaceable, good citizens. A single contrast we will draw to render these views more impressive. Few periods can we contemplate in the history of Greece, the most refined state of antiquity, in which factions, tumults, wars and bloodshed do not meet our view. Notwithstanding the great advancement of the people in the fine arts and their comparatively superior attainments in science, still personal character was generally marked by the caprices of blind impulse or the excesses of wayward passion. National character consequently exhibited the same vices. A small district of country, with an area not quite so large as that of Pennsylvania, presented a perpetual scene of intestine commotions, seditions and the distracting lusts of unruled ambition,—terminating, and finding their nourishment, in the institution of numerous petty, independent sovereignties.—In so limited a country as Greece, the true interests of its different portions, of necessity must have been generally identical, scarcely ever collisible; yet all the lauded wisdom of its sages and law-givers availed little towards removing the causes of dissension, and introducing harmonious tranquillity within its borders. The reason is plain,—personal character was uncivilized.—The multifarious religious and philosophical systems of human invention contained within them no divine principle—no spiritual power, by which they could lay hold of the intellectual being of the man and operate a radical change in its moral character. The theoretical ethics of philosophers might answer for minds philosophical in their texture, but were inappreciable by the ignorant and impotent over the soul of the populace.—It was reserved for Christianity to accomplish what the power of man could not. The religion of the Bible speaks to mankind in a language that wisdom may not deride, nor ignorance misunderstand. She speaks to them truths that overwhelm the vastest comprehension of proud philosophy and yet dwell in the bosom of the merest babe in knowledge. More than all this, she does bear with her and infuse into the minds of the people she may visit, a purifying, an elevating, a restraining and a tranquillizing principle.

If then, the tranquillity of the person and of society be peculiarly promoted by religion, we may perceive another way in which christianity ministers to the promotion of science. Tranquillity and philosophy dwell

together. He, who is ever yielding himself up to the impulses of passion, feels too much internal turbulence to attend calmly and critically to the pursuits of science. His mind becomes infected with a morbidly increased sensibility, that finds no pleasure in contemplating merely intellectual eminence, and loathes the Platonic quietude of philosophical musings. Passion involves the intellect in thick mists, which obscure the perceptions of the mind and pervert the decisions of reason. Passion is fatal to stability of purpose, inconsistent with patient investigation, and an enemy to connect and sober thought; all of which are essentially important in seeking after knowledge. When, moreover, nations are continually indulging a propensity to intestine commotions or external warfare, it cannot be expected that philosophy should make much progress. The feverish excitement which pervades the public mind, is withering to healthful thought. To suppose knowledge can greatly flourish in such a soil, is almost as vain, as to expect the vigorous oak to thrive on the arid, unquiet plains of Africa. When war is the business of a community, martial achievements will be principally admired, military eminence most highly prized. A large proportion, therefore, of the talent and enterprise of the nation will be embarked in the concerns of war, and the arts of peace will proportionately be neglected. It is true, philosophy even at such seasons has had her distinguished votaries; but if we examine carefully, we shall not be long in learning that their performances have been generally useless and their reputation exaggerated. The reason is plain: Great men attain eminence as well by the labours of others, sometimes inferior in talent, as by their own exertions. In peaceable times, there are multitudes of persons, characterized by nothing excellent, except patient industry, observant minds, and investigatory habits; who are thus particularly qualified to collect severally many important and curious facts, which in the aggregate constitute a great mass of knowledge. These facts become legitimate materials for the plastic influence of some master mind. His vast comprehension encircles them all, distinguishes their mutual relations, and then frames for them some beautiful theory, which serves to facilitate the discovery of innumerable other truths. Thus is knowledge built up; not by the toil of one philosopher or a few, but by the combined labours of many. There are master workmen, menial workmen, and those who gather materials: should the two latter classes be wanting, the performances of the first will most likely be valueless. This is the peculiar evil of warlike times, in which philosophy can number few as its votaries. These, being usually persons of comprehensive minds, fitted for theorizing, but impatient of particular investigation, begin forthwith to build up hypotheses out of the conceits of their fancy, because other materials they have none. This was the case with the philosophers of the warlike republics of Greece and Rome. The attention of by far the greatest part of mankind was turned into the channels of war and their subsidiaries; few natural phenomena were observed; few important facts collected; having no realities to philosophize upon, men sported with their imaginations and exercised the acuteness of their intellect upon the creations of their own minds. Such was the philosophy and such were the philosophers, too often, who flourished in those unsettled times.* But neither then was science materially advanced; nor can it ever be where war and tumult usurp the place of peace and tranquillity.

It may be well to observe, that some branches of Literature were carried to a great pitch of excellence in the tumultuous states of antiquity. The eloquence,

*To any one who may think we speak too lightly of ancient philosophy, we reply in the words of a certain author:—

"La docte antiquité fut toujours vénérable,
Je ne la trouve pas cependant adorable."

oratory, history and poetry of Greece and Rome have perhaps never been excelled. The reasons are manifest. Eloquence and oratory next to the sword governed those warlike republics, and were the readiest ways to eminence and honour. History, which can find little to say about a nation in peace, could discourse largely and with spirit upon the continual wars and tumults, battles and triumphs, conquerings and conquests, changes and revolutions of ancient states. While the genius of poetry, with a fancy unrestrained by rules, and uncumbered by certainties, could weave many a spirit-stirring tale out of the marvellous fables and the no less wonderful realities with which early ages ever abound. So that, although the peculiar circumstances of ancient states generally retarded the advancement of science, they were not inconsistent with excellent attainment in many departments of polite literature.

Some of our readers may exclaim on reading the article on Church Government by "Disciple"—"these are hard sayings; who can hear them?" Still, as the piece on the whole is quite excellent, we hope our friends will excuse what perhaps they may think a little too pungent. Besides, if the author has made any erroneous assertions, (which, for our own part we do not believe,) he will doubtless be thankful for correction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Veritas" shall appear in our next.

We are glad to hear from "Protestant." If he knew the pleasure our readers derive from his thoughts, he would favor us oftener with his correspondence.

ERRATA.

We just publish the following extract of a letter from Mr. Gideon Davis: it will answer every purpose:—"In my communication to Brother Wallace, published in last number, there are several typographical errors—one of them I regret—it was leaving out, after two Elders of the Presbyterian Church, *two of them officers of the Protestant Episcopal Church.* I only fear our Episcopal friends may think I did not sufficiently appreciate their kind and christian effort. Another is calculated to make an erroneous impression—it is printed Protestants instead of P. Methodists."

OREGON SETTLEMENT,

To be commenced next Spring on the banks of the Columbia.

Persons of good morals and industrious habits desirous of emigrating to the OREGON COUNTRY, in the first or second expedition, are requested to report their names.—Information and certificates may be had at Nos. 18 and 20 Cornhill, Boston, Fort Orange Hotel, Albany, No. 50 Wall-street, N. York city, No. 30 Vine-st. Philadelphia, or at No. 229 and 254 Market-st. Baltimore.

Emigrants are to receive each, gratuitously, from the Society, 200 acres of choice lands, and most of their expenses of emigration. Persons intending to go in the first expedition, will receive in due time orders to assemble in Portland Me.; Portsmouth and Concord, N. H., Boston, Worcester, and Springfield, Mass.; Bennington, Vt.; New York, Albany, Trenton, Philadelphia, and Baltimore cities, respectively, in January next. They will take their march in detached companies, by the most practicable route to St. Louis.

It is not the desire of the Society to urge the enlistment of any person, however his condition may be improved by it: and far be it from them to deceive. The enterprise itself, affords motives enough; and has already induced able bodied and industrious men enough to effect a settlement; nevertheless, it is desirable that our numbers should be increased by the enlistment of others, in whose characters are combined science, skill, and integrity, to fill the higher offices of the government.

Persons contemplating a migration to Illinois and other parts of the Western States are reminded that great numbers in that country are preparing to join the expedition to Oregon, that the climate on the shores of the Columbia river is remarkably mild and healthful;

and the advantages for acquiring property are paramount to those on the prairies of the West, or in any other part of the world. In relation to this last point the following fact evinces more than a hundred doubtful conjectures. The Oregon is covered with heavy forests of timber, and within the distance of a coasting trade, boards are from 50 to 90 dollars per thousand; and such is the market that no considerable reduction of these prices can ever be reasonably expected.

The Agent of this Society, in representing the Oregon territory, as being one of the most delightful known by man, and possessing opportunities for securing the comforts and conveniences of life unequalled in any other part of the world, is impelled by duty; and joins with hundreds in speaking the language of plain truth and cool deliberation.

H. J. KELLY, General Agent.

CRITIC.

MRS. SHERWOOD AND RELIGIOUS NOVELISTS.

Mrs. Sherwood has published oftener than any other female writer who ever lived. *Ninety-three* publications we know of, varying in size from a tract to the present three-volume novel, and in price from two-pence to twenty-seven shillings. She has issued a perfect shower of tales, for all ages, and a complete collection of her works would form a juvenile library. Her popularity has been extensive, but peculiar; many of her productions have reached, and several have passed their tenth edition—some have been translated into very unusual languages; there are few children and young people in the kingdom unacquainted with her writings, and yet her intellectual reputation is considerable. She revolves in an orbit of her own, and is a kind of connecting link between what is technically termed the religious world, and the literary world; being evidently unfamiliar with the style of knowledge that circulates in the latter, and declining to recognise many opinions characteristic of the former. She is an avowed champion of fiction, but "to keep the balance true," invariably makes it the medium of religious instruction. She has frequently done this in a highly judicious and affecting manner, but she has done it best in some of her least ambitious works, which were some of her first. She has a great talent for arranging incidents and describing costume, &c. Into the hearts of children she has great insight; of young people she knows less, and about men and women she knows nothing. Her descriptions of the world are frequently unnatural, and her sketches of character shadowy and unimpressive. Her good people are cardinal virtues with Christian and surnames; her bad people are vices with Christian and surnames also; and the good and the bad alike make long speeches nearly the same in point of construction, as in Goldsmith's company of players, Romeo's coat serves, when turned, for Mercutio. She wants discrimination and variety, and would be improved by a more extensive acquaintance with the books, things, and persons around her. If a landscape be looked at through a blue glass, it will appear blue; and if the hue of the glass be changed to yellow, the landscape is none the nearer appearing natural. Very nearly all the religious novelists, with Mrs. Sherwood at their head, are wanting in truth of portraiture; they put forth opinions, describe situations, dispose events into plots, but they only paint in body colour. Their characters are persons, not their persons characters. Their tales are bundles of incidents, bound together by statements of religious sentiment. Even religion itself is seldom treated with adequate dignity, as that mighty agent which, while it works in the heart, works and shows its fruits in perfect accordance with the natural bent of the human being; as capable of mingling with all the powers of the mind, as consisting less in the adoption of a new opinion, than in discerning the amazing scope afforded for the development of a well-known but neglected principle—"Remember thy Creator!" Very many of these religious tales and novels are badly written, even in point of composition; either florid enough to remind one of the French Marchioness, who fancied prayer acceptable in proportion to the fine words employed, or so bare and meagre, so intellectually "hunger-bitten," that one wishes the writer's mind a full meal of English. The higher faculties are rarely brought into action, either in the work of producing or appreciating; thought is passive, and imagination dormant; no new light is shed upon old truths; he who has read eleven of these tales, may, if tolerably quick of apprehension, confidently undertake to write the twelfth, nothing being needful but

a kaleidoscopic change of incident. Let there be a fair meek woman whose husband is dead; let her fall into a consumption and die, commending her infant to the care of a friend or sister; let the sister or friend be very perfect too, and live in a village; give a long history of every person and thing in the village, frequent episodes concerning dells and dingles near the village, and more than one description of rural festivities held in some of them; have a fair proportion of delightful old women, good children, and stubborn people of middle age; introduce a great many schools, make numerous reflections, let your leading characters have no communication with the world at large, and afford no proof that there exists such a thing as general information; call the orphan infant Emily, let her have dove-like eyes, let her be an angel, let her have a cousin who is an angel also, and let his name be Henry; let them grow up as brother and sister, let them at last find out they are in love, let Henry find out when at college that he is less of an angel than he thought, and let there be unhappiness, catastrophes, and long, very long letters for a hundred pages; let him return to the beautiful village, and his beautiful cousin quite penitent; let the vicar be a combination of the twelve apostles; give the heads of several of his sermons; introduce death-bed scenes both happy and awful;—finally, let Henry take orders, marry, and be the vicar's curate, and with care to make every thing in extremes, every body very rich or very poor, very good or very bad, very wise or very foolish, very beautiful if good, and very ugly if bad—be assured you have produced a religious tale.

We frankly admit that there are several exceptions to this description, but the majority are, in spirit, described by it. Instruction is rarely interwoven with the fabric of the fiction itself, but appended as a fringe, and the young reader cuts it short. In Mrs. Sherwood's "Lady of the Manor," seven volumes of tales on confirmation, which a circle of young ladies are represented as assembled to hear, every tale is closed with prayer and discussion, which the young ladies in the book join in, but which the majority of young ladies out of the book will pass over. "How good it is of the people who write books," said a little boy to his mother "how good it is of them to put moral in large letters, to show you what to skip." This is a fact; and we suspect that many, not children, are of much the same mind. Unless the delineations of character and circumstance be striking and instructive, no moralizing will make them so. There wants a compromise between the two great parties of writers of fiction, those who systematically introduce religion, and those who systematically avoid it: one should become aware, that to introduce it on petty occasions, and to endeavour to ground excitement upon it, is trifling; and the other might learn, with advantage, that to stop short of introducing it on great occasions, is irreverent neglect, a neglect too, that very often injures the literary value of a work. We should not think very highly of that person's taste, who would expunge the conflicts of Andrew Bell, from Mr. Galt's "Lowrie Todd;" or the presbytery scene from "Adam Blair," or Jeannie Deans, from "The Heart of Mid-Lothian;" or Rebecca, from "Ivanhoe;"—yet Christian principle, either in a state of conflict or triumph, is the main-spring of all. Works of fiction, that aspire to a high rank, must not appeal to ephemeral taste, but enduring principles; they must anchor in the deep places of the heart if they aspire to any thing beyond amusing for "the season." Fiction might, and perhaps one day will be made a powerful engine in the amelioration as well as entertainment of society, but it will not be by embodying a sermon in every chapter, still less by making worldliness, however disguised and painted, the foundation of the reader's interest. Our literature already possesses some tales and novels, that, without professing theology, make high appeals to the noblest of our faculties, to the poetry dwelling in our hearts, that are not satisfied to amuse idleness, or find wit for malice, but are upborne by a grave, pure, earnest enthusiasm upon which satire takes no hold. Fiction of this order

Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet in the weakest part,
Heroically fashioned.

May the numbers be increased!

If obliged to state that Roxabel is a foolish book, we do not the less recognise Mrs. Sherwood's ability and excellence, and should be sorry to forget the very many instances in which she has done the juvenile state great service. If she had not formerly written so much, she would not have written badly now.

Athenæum.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

VIRGINIA.

Abingdon, Va. Oct. 18, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER,—Time, as it rolls along, developing in its progress the true character of men and things, occasionally brings to our remembrance the dealings of God towards the creatures of his peculiar care; and affords the most convincing proofs of his beneficence to us, as a people, amidst the difficulties with which we, especially, have to contend.

I trust that I shall not be charged with exaggeration, or a wish to make false statements, when I add my mite to the mass of information relative to the conquests of our rapidly increasing Zion. As a church, we have had to experience those trials, cares, &c. which exist in all churches, old and new; and some of them from a quarter quite unexpected; but we can truly say, notwithstanding all, "the Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Although no general excitement has been realized by the inhabitants of our town, yet the Great Head of the church frequently manifests the displays of his power amongst us; on some of which occasions, a number of penitent sinners have doubtless been happily converted to God, while some others seem desirous of becoming the followers of Him who "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Several have lately attached themselves to our church, and promise to do well. With a few exceptions, our members are remarkably punctual in attending our meetings of every description, which, I am happy to say, are characterized by a considerable degree of spirituality and zeal;—our class meetings especially.

By the kindness and liberality of the citizens of Abingdon, and its vicinity, we have been enabled to erect a neat and convenient house of worship, of brick, which we hope will be ready for use in the course of next month. At some future period, I design, if Providence permit, giving you a concise history of the origin and success of our church in this place, by which it will be seen to what extent the wise Dispenser of all blessings has smiled upon the exertions of our brethren here in acting out their principles, in support of religious liberty.

You will please publish the subjoined notice of the "Female Aid Society" for this station, which was organized on the 5th of last month. The following ladies were elected officers for the present year, viz: Mrs. Margaret Rohr, President; Miss Sarah Rodefer, Vice President; Miss Eliza Jane Dunn, Secretary; Miss Jane A. V. Toncray, Treasurer, and a Board of twelve managers.

Our sisters, by their assiduity, have succeeded far beyond their highest expectations: indeed, their success has been altogether commensurate to the laudable and praiseworthy object which they have in view. Affectionately yours, in the bonds of the gospel,

LEWIS F. COSBY.

For the Methodist Protestant.

NEW YORK.

Haverstraw, Rockland Circuit, Oct. 14, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER,—On this circuit we have our difficulties, but amidst them all we are encouraged by the evidence we have that the Lord of Hosts is with us and succeeds our efforts. Since my last, we have had an increase on the circuit, of more than fifty; besides, nearly as many more from the Methodist society.

We have held two camp meetings on this circuit. The first, in Haverstraw, commenced on the 19th of August and continued till the 24th; at this meeting there were fifty-two tents, and about thirty preachers; among whom were brothers Wallace and Stockton, of Maryland Conference, and brother Brindle of Pennsylvania Conference. We thank these Brethren for their visit, and, the Lord, for the unction that attended their ministry. Our congregations at this meeting were very large, and as orderly as might be expected. I am not able to state with certainty, what number was converted. Some who were engaged in the prayer meetings, say not less than forty, a number of whom have since joined our society in different places.

The second camp meeting commenced at Warwick on Thursday the 15th of September, under very discouraging circumstances. When the meeting was appointed, we did not expect more than ten or twelve tents. But in consequence of rain the two first days, only nine tents were erected. And of several preachers that were expected, only two attended, besides those of our own circuit. Those two, (brothers Thomas and Pearcey) did not arrive until Saturday. On their arrival, together with that of several official brethren, the parting clouds

and the rays of the sun, which now appeared for the first time during the meeting, tended to reanimate those who were ready to faint in their minds. Our meeting now commenced spiritedly, and before night several souls were brought from darkness to light. Brother Thomas, by reason of an inflammation of his eyes, was rendered rather inefficient; but notwithstanding his affliction, he preached for us twice, no doubt with pain to himself, but much to the satisfaction of the people; especially on Sabbath morning, when he had a congregation of several thousand attentive hearers—as did also brother Pearcey in the afternoon. I think the seed fell in good ground, although we did not see much of the fruit until Monday morning, when we assembled for prayer meeting. Here every soul appeared to be reaching for the bread of life, which was soon given in abundance. Many souls were awakened, and before the close of this day, about twenty were converted. Next morning, according to appointment, the meeting was to close—but so many appeared under awakenings, it was thought best to continue another day,—we did so, and the Lord continued with us. A number more were converted before the close of the meeting. The whole number of converts at this meeting is about forty, and its general influence such as I think I have never seen before, although I have attended many camp meetings. On Wednesday morning it still was difficult to bring the meeting to a close; but want of strength compelled us to give over; for we had not more perhaps than fifteen male labourers, including preachers, during the meeting, who were now quite exhausted. Oh, what a parting scene! Saints rejoicing, penitents crying for mercy, and the whole congregation bathed in tears.

Since the close of the last mentioned meeting, I attended a four days meeting on Bedford circuit, where the Lord was pleased to pour out his spirit. Seven were converted during the meeting. Our brethren on that circuit think their prospects quite flattering.

In my last, I informed you that I expected to cross the Hudson river and to form a class in Tarry town. I did so; eight then united, and in a short time three more were added. This was in May, and in July they invited me to preach in their new meeting house, which is now finished in a very neat style, and will seat about two hundred people. This house was erected by the means of four brothers, one of whom is not a member of the society, but bore with the others an equal part. Ours in this village I expect will soon be completed. The foundation of another on this circuit was laid a few days since. Yours respectfully,

THOS. WITSIL.

MASSACHUSETTS.

REFORMED METHODISTS.

Extract of a letter, dated

West Wareham, October 20th, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER,—The day-star from on high, which hath visited almost every part of the Lord's fruitful vineyard, has visited us. Last August we had a four days meeting at Rehoboth, Mass. which continued to rise in importance from the commencement to the conclusion. Sinners were awakened and converted in the meeting, and the same blessed work has continued ever since. Among the subjects of this work may be found the magistrate, the physician, the inn holder, the rich and poor, the old and young. It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

In September we held a protracted meeting in Taunton, which ended in the commencement of another revival of the work of God. Its course is steadily onward up to this time, slaying pride, unbelief, and immorality; and threatening destruction to bigotry. Our Annual Conference which held its session this month, has given stations to fourteen ministers; many of whom take the charge of two and three societies; the most of which are in a prosperous state. I think that "holiness of heart" is becoming our motto, more than formerly. We consider unless the church travels on to new ground there will not be found many nursing fathers, mothers, and children born again.

Yours truly,

L. D. JOHNSON.

GATHERER.

THE HURRICANE.

"Various portions of our country have at different periods suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena, in all its grandeur, I shall attempt to describe it for your sake, kind reader, and for your sake

only, the recollection of that astonishing revolution of the etherial element, even now bringing with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected by a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

"I had left the village of Shawanay, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when, on a sudden, I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismount to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

"I was leaning on my knees with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, where I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively towards the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise; then went the upper part of the massy trunks; and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage, that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell unprotected to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewn in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it were impossible to describe.

"The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments, I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches, as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

"Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire-sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But, as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I shall not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briars and bushes, thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding districts. I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and again, four hundred miles farther off, in the State of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all these different parts, it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth."

AUDUBON.



POETRY.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

Lo! down the glen they come, the long blue glen
Far off enveloped in aerial haze
Almost a mist, smooth gliding without step,
So seems it, o'er the greensward, shadow-like,
With light alternating, till hand in hand
Upon a knoll, distinctly visible,
The sisters stand awhile, then lay them down
Among a weeping birch-tree's whisperings,
Like fawns, and fix their mild eyes steadfastly
Upon the clouded loch!

One face is pale
In its own pensiveness, but paler seems
Beneath the nun-like braidings of that hair
So softly black, accordant with the calm
Divine that on her melancholy brow
Keeps deepening with her dreams! The other bright,
As if in ecstasies, and brighter glows
In rivalry of all those sun-loved locks,
Like gold wire glittering, in the breath of joy
Afloat, on her smooth forehead momentarily
Kindling with gladder smile-light. Those dark eyes!
With depths profound, down which the more you gaze,
Still and stiller seems the spiritual world
That lies sphered in their wondrous orbs, beyond
New thoughtful regions opening far beyond,
And all embued with the deep hush of heaven.
There quiet clouds, there glimpses quieter
Of stainless ether in its purity,
There a lone star! But other eyes are swimming
With such a lovely, such a loving light,
Breath'd o'er their surface, imperceptible
The colour of the iris lost awhile
In its own beauty, and then all at once
Perceived to be, as some faint fleeting cloud
Doth for a moment overshadow them,
Of that same hue in which the heaven delights,
And earth religious looking up to heaven
In unwill'd happiness; when awe retires,
In some dim cave her mute solemnities
To lead along unwitness'd, and abroad
O'er hill and valley hymning as they go,
In worship of glad Nature, Joy and Love
Stand side by side upon the mountain-top.

This is their Birthday. Seventeen years of peace
Have floated o'er their being—a long time
Felt they, the Orphans, to look back upon,
As their souls, travelling always in the light
Through crowds of happy thoughts and things, retraced
Life in among the fading memories

Of earliest childhood, meeting all at once
The blank of Infancy's vanished dream.
And yet how short a time for all that growth
Of heart, and mind, and soul, and spirit! All
The flowers and fruitage on the wondrous Tree
Of Being from a germ immortal sprung.
Profound the wisdom is of Innocence.
She taught the Orphans all their knowledge, high
As are the stars, yet humble as the flowers;
And bathed it all in Feeling, as the light
Of stars, when at their brightest, radiant,
And soft as in the bloom of flowers, when they
Look fearless back upon their earliest spring.
She taught them Pity and the lore of Grief,
Whose language is the inarticulate breath
Of sacred sighs, and written on the air
In purest tears, mysterious characters
Seen in the sun when Nature's self is blest.
She gave unto the Orphans' quiet eyes
The Sense of Beauty that makes all the earth
Without an effort, and unconsciously,
Fair as the sinless soul that looks on it.
She fill'd their spirits with o'erflowing Love,
Till on the flower the peaceful butterfly
Was thought a holy thing, because its life
Appear'd so happy, and the flower itself
Fairer, for that it seemed to feel the joy
Asleep upon its balm. With loftier love
She did their hearts inspire, the love of all
Which in itself is loveliest, and they knew
It must be their own filial piety,
When at their mother's side, at morn and eve,
Knelt all their knees together down at once
Before the Throne of God. And Innocence
It was, none other, who the holy light
Of Conscience gently brought upon their eyes.
And show'd the paths of duty in that light
To be mistaken never, strewn with flowers
That lay as soft as snow beneath their feet.
But ever when into that Oratory
They walk'd, and by their mother's bier knelt down
Beside the Altar, then did Innocence
Surrender up her trust, and from the skies
Into that Sabbath-calm Religion came,
Descending duly as the Orphans hymn'd
Their Miserere; hers the voice that said,
While their lips linger'd on the Crucifix,
"For His sake, Children, are your sins forgiven!"

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Remittances on account of this paper, received and thankfully acknowledged, from the following persons, viz:

D. Landreth, Otis Spear, William Taylor, S. Archer, by Jacob Sexton, for himself, John Curitins, Henry Curitins, and James Ratlif; captain Thomas Wallace, B. T. Howland, Thomas S. Prim, Thomas Childs, Samuel Meek, Abraham Haff, J. Davis, Pliney Brett, Mrs. Christina Vanneman.

Making in all. \$46 00

Receipts for Books, gratefully recorded.

George Makinson,	-	-	-	\$10 00
Samuel S. Meek,	-	-	-	20 50
George Thomas,	-	-	-	35 00
William Collier,	-	-	-	7 00
Tilsdly Graham,	-	-	-	10 00
L. D. Johnson,	-	-	-	50
				\$83 00

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Isaac Forman, Moses Scott, James L. Armstrong, Basil Root, Ira A. Easter, S. Wood & Sons, Jacob Sexton, H. K. Witsel, Peaslee & Cowperthwait, William Morgan, R. Batteus, Lewis F. Cosby, Samuel S. Meek, Gideon Davis, M. Burdge, J. B. Goodenough, E. B. Dare, Daniel E. Reese, Abraham Haff, L. D. Johnson, T. Graham, Asa Shinn, W. S. Stockton, E. Bloisdell, jr. James H. Devor.

Books have been forwarded since the 42d number to the following persons, viz:—

David Ayres, two packages, New York, T. Graham, Norfolk Va. one package, George Makinson, care of John Smith, Chesapeake city, Md. one box, William Collier, one package.

It is indispensably necessary, that the Publisher of this paper be enabled to have the accounts of the subscribers regularly settled. The Church will expect this, and the General Conference, (the representatives thereof,) will require that the Publisher present as few balances against the paper as possible. Therefore, all new subscribers, after the first of January next, are ex-

pected to pay in advance for this paper. The advance should accompany the order for the paper.

Our Agents will be particular to remit forthwith such subscriptions as they have in hand—first that such subscribers may be credited; and second, that the second volume may be continued to them.

This paper will be continued, after the first of January next, to all who are in arrears for any part of the former series of the Mutual Rights, and who shall not then have paid the present year's subscription. If by any means the Publisher has omitted any remittances, he will promptly correct the omission on being informed.

Our Brethren and Friends who have made us remittances for the paper and on account of the Books ordered, will please receive our thanks. Funds are much wanted by the Book Agent—we hope all will be prompt—Remittances of ten dollars and upwards may be made at our expense and risk, on account of the books; and any sums of and above five dollars, for the paper, at our risk.

JOHN J. HARROD,

BOOKSELLER, BALTIMORE,

Has just Published,

AN EXPOSITION OF THE LATE CONTROVERSY IN THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

By the Rev. Samuel K. Jennings, M. D.

This work, forming about 250 pages octavo, handsomely printed on superfine medium paper, furnishes the most striking principles and facts involved in the controversy; from which it will be seen, that piety unquestionable, and character the most unexceptionable, form no safe-guard from violence to any respectable minority of the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when said minority shall be found labouring with unshrinking fidelity and perseverance to inquire into, argue out, and demonstrate the monopoly of the itinerant ministers of the said Church, in holding, with death-like grasp, all the legislative, judicial, and executive power, to the entire exclusion of all the local ministers and all the members of the Church.

We say this work will be found an important expose of "the Deeds and Doings" of the lovers of ministerial monopoly against their brethren of liberal views, by which they planned and executed the unrighteous purpose of excommunicating their brethren, for exercising the sacred right of the liberty of the press, to obtain representation for the members in the legislative department of the Church.

Price, sewed in handsome paper, per copy, 75 cents—in neat boards, \$1 00—full bound, \$1 25 per copy. 12, and not more than 25 copies, 20 per cent—above 25 copies, 25 per cent. A proportion of the profits will be appropriated to the Book fund of the Methodist Protestant Church.

As the Edition will not, from present appearances, be sufficient for all the orders, those who reside at a distance ought to send their orders forthwith, stating the number of copies required for their respective places and neighborhoods, with specific directions how to be addressed and sent.

TERMS.

The Mutual Rights and Methodist Protestant is published weekly for the Methodist Protestant Church, by

JOHN J. HARROD,

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Any person procuring 8 subscribers, and becoming responsible for the same, will be entitled to receive a copy of the paper, and considered an agent.

Any person forwarding 10 new subscribers to the publisher, who are considered responsible persons, shall be entitled to receive a copy of the paper so long as said subscriptions are paid.

No subscription received for a less term than one year.

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No deviation will be allowed from the above terms.

All communications to be addressed to JOHN J. HARROD, 172 Baltimore-street, Baltimore—post paid.

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